

Good 8 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Sports-mike moves back to record: DORANDO DISQUALIFIED IN FIRST BRITISH OLYMPIC MARATHON

HULLO, everyone, this is John Nelson calling you from Windsor. Here, on the spacious east terrace of Windsor Castle, the competitors are preparing for the start of this historic Marathon—the fourth in this series of Olympic Games and the first ever to be run in this country.

There are 55 runners, representative of 16 nations. Great Britain, America, France, Sweden, Germany, Italy, Canada, Australia, South Africa, Greece, Finland, Denmark, Austria, Bohemia, Russia, and Holland, all have their hopes in the race.

Crowds bake in heat

It is a suffocating July day— scarcely a cloud, and never a breath of wind to temper the fury of the sun.

At a guess, I should say there must be half a million people along the course already, and, from all accounts, the number is growing every minute.

Classical forecast

The distance is the classical Marathon of 26 miles 385 yards—the distance said to have been covered by the old Greek warrior, Pheidippides, who ran from Athens to Sparta to summon aid against the invading Persians; then back to Marathon for the battle, and finally to Athens again to announce the victory.

Pheidippides, according to legend, collapsed and died on completing his errand. I hope none of the runners—or this broadcaster—suffers a similar fate to-day.

They're almost set now for the start. The 55 rivals, all looking very grim and determined, are toeing the line. The Princess of Wales is giving the signal to start. Up goes her hand . . . the pistol—and

For the first time, Britain this year has the honour of staging the Olympic Games. To-day—July 24, 1908—the Olympic Marathon is being run over a 26 miles course, starting from Windsor Castle and finishing at the White City, Shepherd's Bush.

John Nelson, our sports recorder, is at Windsor ready to describe the start, and will follow the race in a motor car specially equipped for broadcasting. Over to Windsor—and John Nelson.

they're off. They've all got off on a jog-trot together.

Off they go

Now they're streaming out of the Castle grounds, out into Windsor High Street.

We're starting up now to follow them. Here, on the road, the field is already strung out. Jack—it looks like he; yes, it is—is still setting the pace—and a cracking pace it is. It looks, and surely is, far too hot to last.

The leaders have covered the first mile—they're just over the Eton boundary now—and Jack is still in front, with the Englishman, Lord, close behind.

Boys from the College, wearing top-hats and morning coats, are among the crowd here, wildly cheering the runners as they pass. *

Nearing Uxbridge—and the five-mile post.

Jack is still in front—and close behind I can see Lord and Price, also of Great Britain, and the tall South African, Hefferon. Jack has taken just 27 minutes over the first five miles.

On the fringe of the crowd is another—another big fellow. His number isn't easy to make out, but his action, like Hefferon's, is entirely different from that of our own runners. He lopes along, rather than runs, and does not seem to take nearly as much out of himself as our men are doing.

The lead is changing hands. Jack is dropping back and the Englishman, Lord, is now in front.

The big fellow—he's Hayes, the American, No. 26, I'm told—has just moved up a couple of places.

Several in distress.

The heat is intense, and back down the field several runners are clearly in distress. One—



can't see whom—is taking a drink of water from a steward.

Another is down . . . I can see him there, rolling in the dust. Overcome by the heat, obviously—and what heat it is!

Excitement in front, too. The crowd are cheering wildly. Yes, Lord is dropping back . . . Price is challenging him . . . and Price is in front.

Hefferon is leading from Hefferon, with Hayes, Jack, Lord and Tewanna, one of the Red Indians in the U.S.A. team, following together. . . . Both Hefferon and Hayes seem remarkably fresh.

Here's an oddly matched couple just passing. . . . A hefty, sun-tanned blond—a German . . . there's the German eagle on his vest . . . and a swarthy, stocky little fellow. No. 19, yes, an Italian, Dorando.

At fifteen-mile post

Coming up now to the fifteenth-mile post. Eleven more miles to go. . . . Price is leading, but he looks nearly all in . . . and the South African, Hefferon, is challenging strongly.

Charles Hefferon, the prison warden from the Orange River Colony, is in front now . . . followed by the little Italian, Dorando. No sign of his German colleague . . . but here comes Hayes. Hayes, the American, is lying third, and seems to be going as strongly as ever.

Dorando favourite

Dorando seems to have established himself as a particular favourite.

Let us go on ahead to Stonebridge Park.

The twenty-second-mile post. Only four more miles before the finishing tape at the new White City Exhibition marks the end of this amazing feat of endurance in the broiling midsummer sun.

Hefferon is still leading, with only four miles to go. There's no sign yet of the second man. It seems odds on a South African triumph. Wait, here comes somebody. I can see a white vest in the distance. Yes, it's the little Italian, Dorando, running like a demon, his legs moving in apparently involuntary perpetual motion. . . .

Dorando is second . . . half a mile behind, with four miles still to be covered. Next comes Hayes. Hefferon, Dorando, Hayes, that's the order, so we'll drive on, to the White City to await the finish.

At the White City

Here, in this densely packed new Stadium—officials say the crowd is 80,000—a notice-board is being shouldered by two men past the Royal Box, where Queen Alexandra is sitting with her ladies-in-waiting. The Queen is taking a great interest in the race, and repeatedly scans her programme.



The board is being carried this way. "At the 24th-mile post (that's two miles from the Stadium entrance) Hefferon was leading, with Dorando second," it reads.

By the way, I've just been told Longboat, one of the American-Indian runners, has been brought in a motor car. Apparently he collapsed near Willesden.

Rockets are being fired. . . . They denote that the leaders have passed the 25-mile post, and now every neck in this huge arena is craned towards the entrance. The men must complete a circuit of the Stadium before reaching the finishing tape.

The City toastmaster is making an announcement through the megaphone. "The leading runner, an Italian, is in sight," he says.

So the lead has changed, and "Where's Hefferon?" everyone here seems to be asking.

"Here comes Dorando"

A murmur from the crowd near the entrance is becoming a roar. The first man must be just outside . . . yes, here he comes. It's Dorando. Dorando, the little Italian, is first to enter the Stadium.

He looks nearly all in-dazed, like a man who has just received a terrific punch and is unconscious on his feet. He's almost stopped—no, he's coming slowly along the cinder track towards the finishing line. Slowly, so slowly, that every yard of the way seems painful. He's groping like a blind man—and he's down. Dorando has collapsed.

Officials are crowding round the little man. Now he's up again. He's struggling gamely around the arena once more. These last few yards are more trying to him than the whole 26 miles.

With several halts, Dorando is still making progress. "Oh! Now he's down again. Where's Hefferon?" Dorando is lying there motionless, surrounded by officials. What a finish!

Now he's moving again. It's more a reel than a sprint. Only ten yards to go—but he's fallen again! Dorando has again collapsed ten yards from the post.

(Continued on Page 3)

EDUCATION MADE EASY

(Arranged by ODO DREW)

The origin of the phrase "Pour encourager les autres."—Voltaire's phrase for passing the buck in naval circles. (For senior officers or advanced students only.)

The best books for a young sailor's ditty-box.—The Encyclopedia Britannica (24 vols.), the Dictionary of National Biography (22 vols.)—the three volumes published since 1900 may well be omitted and their place taken by, say, Tom Bowler, Little Women, Peter Simple, How to Make Money by Farming (or poultry or rabbit-keeping). And, of course, Education Made Easy.

The discovery of America by Columbus.—Columbus did not discover America. In 1492 he discovered certain West Indian islands. The natives, who feared further white infiltration, told him that he had achieved what he had set out to do and that he was in America. He never realised that he had been deceived.

Press-gang.—An association of journalists who used to help the Navy in recruiting campaigns.

The origin of the phrase "sea dogs."—Naval officers of Elizabethan times used to take their dogs—and other animals—to sea with them. Captain John Baskerville, a Devon seaman, followed this practice. Conan Doyle, after a trip to sea with him, wrote the famous "Hound of the Baskervilles." Before very long sailors were called "sea dogs."

Pink Gin.—The favourite drink of the Soviet naval officer. Not Red Biddy, as has often been, mistakenly, suggested.

I get around

I MET Joan Wayne the other day. We talked about her part in "Step Out With Phyllis" at the Whitehall Theatre, and we talked about her rise to fame. This is how it came about.

Every day she used to wander from one theatre to another, looking at the pictures outside. She would return home full of hope and resolving that one day her picture and name would be in those frames.

One day she was standing outside the Prince of Wales Theatre, looking wishfully at a very famous star. Mr. Esdaile, the producer, noticed her, and was rather amused. He couldn't resist asking her why she was studying them so closely. "I am just picturing myself in one of those frames," she replied. "Can you dance?" he asked. "Well, I hope to," she lisped, not knowing who he was. Three weeks later she was in the show. That was six years ago, and since



THANKS to "enormous progress," it is probable that every home will have television of a new kind soon after the war ends. Thus spoke Sir Alan Powell, B.B.C. chairman, at a recent conference. He also predicted that cinemas will, in addition to the news which we now get, televise actual events.

My humble prediction or suggestion is that a world television link-up might considerably help post-war planning.

By RONALD RICHARDS

A COLLEAGUE, newly wed, and home-building, was, with his mate, studying an oak chair through the dirty glass of a Tottenham Court-road furniture's window.

A uniformed bus conductress was studying him with equal interest.

His wife was directing her interest first at the table, then at the conductress, then at hubby.

Presently the conductress spoke. "You don't want to buy that table!"

Well, it happened that he didn't, otherwise I don't know what might have happened.

"I've got one better than that, and cheaper, too," the uniformed lady added.

A tuppenny bus ride, a huddle with wifey, a handshake, and all that remains is for the table to be collected.

It may be coincidence. It might, on the other hand, be a new racket.

Periscope Page

"GOOD MORNING" should have been in your hands daily for its first week by the time you get this copy.

During that time you should have also had the special Sunday Edition (S.1). These editions will run in consecutive numbers, prefixed by the letter "S"—i.e., S.1, S.2, and so on.

The commander of at least one submarine has plans to make "Good Morning" the complete newspaper.

In our presence, when we were privileged to meet sub-mariners recently, he arranged with his No. 1, his Mr. Swain and "Signals," to insert a loose typed sheet in each daily issue, containing latest summary of news transcribed from the British News Service transmissions.

Thus his submarine will have almost as complete and up-to-date a newspaper as most people sitting at their breakfast tables on land. We commend the idea to other submarine commanders, on whom "Good Morning" depends for its regular and consecutive issue—and therefore its intended utility.

The Editor takes this opportunity to thank all who are so ably assisting, and once more invites letters, ideas, possible contributions and criticisms.

NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

THE man who spoke thus was the commander of the vessel.

When Ned Land heard these words he rose suddenly. The almost strangled steward went tottering out on a sign from his master; but such was the power of the commander on his vessel that not a gesture betrayed the resentment the man must have felt towards the Canadian.

The commander, leaning against the angle of the table, with his arms folded, looked at us with profound attention.



"Gentlemen, I speak French, English, and German equally well. I might, therefore, have answered you at our last interview, but I wished to know you first, and afterwards to ponder on what you said. I know now that accident has brought me into the presence of M. Pierre Aronnax, Professor of Natural History in the Paris Museum, his servant Conseil, and Ned Land, of Canadian origin, harpooner on board the frigate Abraham Lincoln, of the United States Navy."

I bent my head in sign of assent. There was no answer necessary. This man expressed himself with perfect ease, and without the least foreign accent.

"I daresay you thought me a long time in coming to pay you this second visit. It was because, after once knowing your identity, I wished to ponder upon what to do with you. I hesitated long. The most unfortunate conjunction of circumstances has brought you into the presence of a man who has broken all ties that bound him to humanity. You came here to trouble my existence—"

"Unintentionally," said I.

"Unintentionally," he repeated, raising his voice a little. "Is it unintentionally that the Abraham Lincoln pursues me in every sea? Was it unintentionally that you took passage on board her?"

"You are doubtless unaware," I answered, "of the commotion you have caused in Europe and America. When the Abraham Lincoln pursued you on the high seas every one on board believed they were pursuing a marine monster."

A slight smile curled round the commander's lips, then he went on in a calmer tone—

"Dare you affirm, M. Aronnax, that your frigate would not have pursued a submarine vessel as well as a marine monster?"

I answered nothing, and for a very good reason; the unknown had force on his side, and it can destroy the best arguments.



Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

"I have long hesitated," continued the commander. "Nothing obliges me to give you hospitality. I could place you upon the platform of this vessel, upon which you took refuge; I might sink it beneath the waters and forget that you ever existed. I should only be using my right."

"The right of a savage, perhaps," I answered, "but not that of a civilised man."

"Professor," quickly answered the commander, "I am not what is called a civilised man. I have done with society entirely for reasons that seem to me good; therefore I do not obey its laws, and I desire you never to allude to them before me again."



A flash of anger and contempt had kindled in the man's eyes, and I had a glimpse of a terrible past in his life.

He had not only put himself out of the pale of human laws, but he had made himself independent of them, free in the most rigorous sense of the word, entirely out of their reach.

After a rather long silence the commander went on speaking.

"I have hesitated, therefore," said he, "but I thought that my interest might be reconciled with that natural pity to which every human being has a right. You may remain on my vessel, since fate has brought you to it. You will be free, and in exchange for this liberty, which after all will be relative, I shall only impose one condition upon you. Your word of honour to submit to it will be sufficient."

"Speak, sir," I answered. "I suppose this condition is one that an honest man can accept."

"Yes; it is this: It is possible that certain unforeseen events may force me to consign you to your cabin for some hours, or even days. As I do not wish to use violence, I expect from you, in such a case, more than from all others, passive obedience. By acting thus I take all the responsibility; I acquit you entirely, by making it impossible for you to see what ought not to be seen. Do you accept the condition?"

"We accept," I replied. "Only I ask your permission to address to you one question—only one. What degree of liberty do you intend giving us?"

"The liberty to move about freely and observe even all that passes here—except under rare circumstances—in short, the liberty that my companions and I enjoy ourselves."

It was evident that we did not understand each other.

"Do you mean to say we must for ever renounce the idea of seeing country, friends, and relations again?"

"Yes, sir. But to renounce the unendurable worldly yoke that men call liberty is not perhaps so painful as you think."

"I declare," said Ned Land, "I'll never give my word of honour not to try to escape."

"I did not ask for your word of honour, Mr. Land," answered the commander coldly.

These words indicated that the commander's mind was made up, and that argument was useless.

Then in a gentler voice he went on—

"Now allow me to finish what I have to say to you. I know you, M. Aronnax. You, if not your companions, will not have so much to complain of in the chance that has bound you to my lot."

Fly fishing may be a very pleasant amusement, but angling or boat-fishing I can only compare to a stick and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other. Samuel Johnson.

You will find amongst the books which are my favourite study the work you have published on the "Great Submarine Grounds." I have often read it. You have carried your investigations as far as terrestrial science allowed you. But on board my vessel you will have an opportunity of seeing what no man has seen before. Thanks to me, our planet will give up her last secrets."

I cannot deny that these words had a great effect upon me. My weak point was touched, and I forgot for a moment that the contemplation of these divine things was not worth the loss of liberty. Besides, I counted upon the future to decide that grave question, and so contented myself with saying—

"What name am I to call you by, sir?"

"Captain Nemo," answered the commander. "That is all I am to you, and you and your companions are nothing to me but the passengers of the *Nautilus*."



The captain called, and a steward appeared. The captain gave him his orders in that foreign tongue which I could not understand. Then turning to the Canadian and Conseil—

"Your meal is prepared in your cabin," he said to them. "Be so good as to follow that man."

My two companions in misfortune left the cell where they had been confined for more than thirty hours.

"And now, M. Aronnax, our breakfast is ready. Allow me to lead the way."

(Continued to-morrow)

QUIZ for today

1. Who composed the best-known "Humoresque"?
2. What is a dhow?
3. What was the pre-war capital of China?
4. Who said, "We are not amused"?
5. Who was the Greek equivalent of Jupiter?
6. What is supposed to have happened in the year 4004 B.C.?
7. What is the meaning of "hoi pollio"?
8. What is a "mantilla"?
9. Do whales suckle their young?
10. Who was the first king of both England and Scotland?
11. Do a cat's eyes shine in complete darkness?
12. Who wrote "Gone with the Wind"?

Follow the BRAINS TRUST

Conducted by HOWARD THOMAS

A NAVAL Officer once asked the B.B.C. Brains Trust if they believed that houses and people could be haunted.

Here is what the Brains Trust replied:—

C. E. M. Joad: "I think so. Quite definitely. I have had a certain amount of experience in connection with a body called the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, and I have seen an immense number of things, with regard to which, perhaps, I had better make the non-committal answer

I don't understand what their causation is." The fact that I don't understand is not important, because I am simple and anybody can deceive me. When I used to go to Maskelyne and Devant's, as a boy, I not only didn't know how the tricks were done—which, I think, is common—but I didn't even think I knew how they were done—which is most uncommon. When, therefore, I have seen such things as a handkerchief lift itself from a table, tie itself into a knot in the air, without knowing how it was done, that has not meant very much. But when I have noticed that, sitting at the same seance table, there have been two members of the Magic Circle, who, on the principle of 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' ought to have known, and they haven't known, I have often felt, "Now, here is an event whose causation we don't understand."

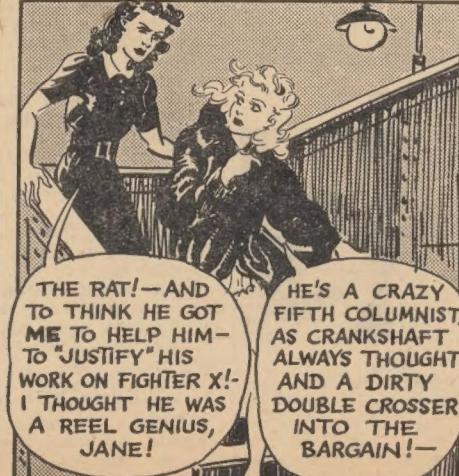
"As to ghosts, as to haunted houses, I have never seen one. But I have been to what I think is the most haunted house in England: That is a rectory in Suffolk. I would recommend anybody who is interested to read a book called 'The Most Haunted House in England,' by Harry Price, which is a record of the most astonishing happenings going on for about three or four hundred years.

I myself have never actually seen a ghost in that house, although during the time when I was there a very mysterious phenomenon did occur, and that was the appearance on the white-washed walls of the house of little pencilled squiggles, 'doodles.' Apparently they could not have been made by any human agency. Now, the idea that ghosts not only materialise lead pencils (in this case indelible lead pencils), but also materialise fingers to use to write with the pencils, seems to me totally incredible. On the other hand, circumstances were such in which I could not possibly see how the marks could have been caused. So, you see, I am in a position really of suspended judgment. Here are things in regard to which it is equally impossible for me either to believe that they happened or to believe that they did not happen. Therefore, on general grounds, I think I am rather predisposed to what is commonly called 'the ghost theory.'

You'll find you can do it quite easily if you concentrate. Your business then is simply to get contact with cue ball on object ball exactly where you have decided it. You make your shot without looking up. The next thing you know is a gasp of surprise from your opponent. Yes, it's a fact.

You see, you've eliminated entirely the temptation to look away; your cue has had no reason to wobble off the line; and all your effort has been concentrated on the one simple task of playing the cue ball to a certain point on the object ball. After all, that ought to be easy enough!

JANE



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



DORANDO DISQUALIFIED

Continued from Page 1

He finished first—dropped

A track steward is throwing water in his face. He's helping Dorando to his feet. The little Italian is going on. By gosh, he's got grit.

And he's over the line. Dorando, in one last burst, has just breached the finishing tape and is lying unconscious on the grass verge alongside the track.

And here comes Hayes, just entering the Stadium. He still looks remarkably fresh, and is now completing the finishing circuit.

And now a third man is just arriving. He seems almost as weak and as dazed as Dorando. It's Hefferon. He's nearly out on his feet, but he's going round the track. Well done, Hefferon!

Down there, at the flagstaff, the Italian national flag is being hoisted to the masthead, with the Stars and Stripes beneath it. And then the South African standard, in honour of the first three men to finish.

Let me repeat their names: Dorando (Italy), 1; Hayes

(U.S.A.), 2; Hefferon (South Africa), 3. Wait, an objection has been entered . . . the Americans are protesting.

POSTSCRIPT.

So they finished in the Olympic Marathon of 1908—Dorando's Marathon. But it was not Dorando's Marathon.

The United States team entered a protest against the result, alleging that the little Italian had been assisted over the finishing line. The judges considered that, through the action of the over-helpful steward Dorando must be disqualified.

Suddenly he saw it. Or did he? Yes, he did. . . . There it was—48, plain as you like.

The door was open—forgetful young Freddie again, he concluded. Stealthily he crept upstairs. "Jolly good work," he congratulated himself as he reached the top step.

Then the floor began to sway a little more than the pavement had done.

"I say, darling," he called out, in the hope of succour.

"What do you mean, DARING?" said a gruff voice out of the darkness. "Fares, please."

HEARD THIS ONE?

Jones, having wined a little unwisely, eventually emerged from behind the screened doors of the "Rose and Crown" and began to grope his way along the darkened street towards his home on a large housing estate.

Gingerly he picked his way, fumbling round piles of sandbags, embracing lamp-posts and pillar-boxes, all the while repeating number 48, 48, 48—the number of his house.

Suddenly he saw it. Or did he? Yes, he did. . . . There it was—48, plain as you like.

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ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLES

Sports Quiz

A. 1.—The Earl of Athlone (appointed 1939).

A. 2.—By Arsenal; for Bryn Jones.

A. 3.—Yes—made compulsory in 1939.

A. 4.—Ipswich Town, admitted 1938.

A. 5.—60 goals; scored by Dixie Dean (Everton) in 1927-8.

Anyone with ten points to be promoted Rear-Admiral forthwith. All under five points to forfeit one day's pay.

Word Puzzle

1. ANTIQUES.

2. WANTONLY.

3. SLANTING.

4. RECASTED.

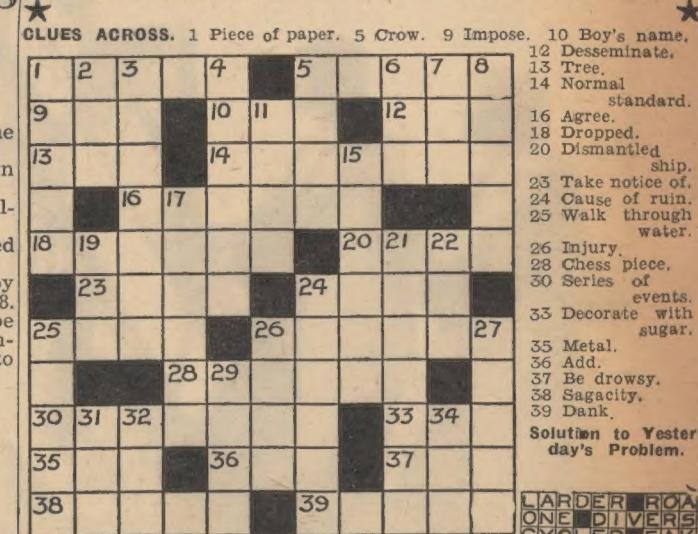
5. IMPLANTS.

6. MERCHANT.

Proverb in Code

Early to bed, early to rise.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES DOWN.

1 Pole. 2 Owns. 3 Breathed on. 4 Delineated. 5 Watched. 6 Part of America. 7 Mass of wood. 8 Pull with jerk. 11 Cooking device. 15 Old stuff in new form. 17 Golf-clubs. 19 Cry of triumph. 21 Joining together. 22 Sign of Zodiac. 24 Gives rise to. 25 Stimulates. 26 Bathing place. 27 In want. 29 Observe. 31 Tart. 32 Hostelry. 34 Wheel projection.

NELSON'S COLUMN

THERE'S a distinctly agricultural air about sport these days. A saddleback pig, bred and reared by the All-England Lawn Tennis Club at Wimbledon, has won a prize as a champion porker.

Down at Epsom, cows have arrived to take up quarters in stalls once occupied by famous racehorses.

Wimbledon's sausage-on-the-hoof comes from a small farm which the All-England Club has established in the club grounds.

Sheep don't yet graze on the Centre Court, but Wimbledon's livestock, besides pigs, does include hens and rabbits.

The fury variety, of course.

EPSOM trainer-turned-dairyman is Victor Smyth. He has had twelve boxes in his establishment turned into stalls for cows.

Gallops, where once spirited two-year-olds took their exercise, are now pasture where shorthorns cud in quiet content.

Instead of starting prices the stable talk is of milk yields.

This udder business is certainly churning everything up.

CRYSTAL PALACE have signed on Bassett, Cardiff City centre-half, without payment of a transfer fee. Reason—Cardiff forgot to place him on their retained list when war broke out.

A CERTAIN prisoner-of-war camp in Italy could put a pretty strong team into the field for most games—if given an opportunity.

Beside Test players in F. R. Brown (England and Surrey), Bill Bowes (England and Yorkshire) and R. H. Catterall (South Africa), it contains other first-class cricketers in G. C. Toppin (Worcestershire), J. W. Bowley (M.C.C.), H. Beaumont (Yorkshire), and the South Africans, T. W. Baines (Transvaal), Fellshaw (Natal), and Henderson (N. Transvaal).

A. D. S. Roncoroni, the English international Rugby footballer, is a prisoner there, along with other Rugger men in C. W. Wilton (Cambridge University) and B. G. Gray (South Africa).

C. E. N. Wyatt, the England cap, and A. C. Glover could give a fillip to any hockey team, and the squash star, B. G. Barnes, might well claim to be just about the best player in Italy!

WEST HAM UNITED, champion globe-trotters of Soccer, have already received an invitation to tour abroad after the war. It comes from Russia—through members of the Russian Labour Mission recently in this country.

West Ham have gratefully accepted—and will make the trip at the first possible opportunity.

GEORGE DUCKWORTH, former Lancashire and England wicketkeeper, is to play in Bradford League cricket this summer for Eccleshall—as an amateur.

Two other county cricket professionals—C. Washbrook (Lancs) and T. W. Spencer (Kent)—will also assist the club as amateurs, when Service duties permit.

JOHN NELSON.

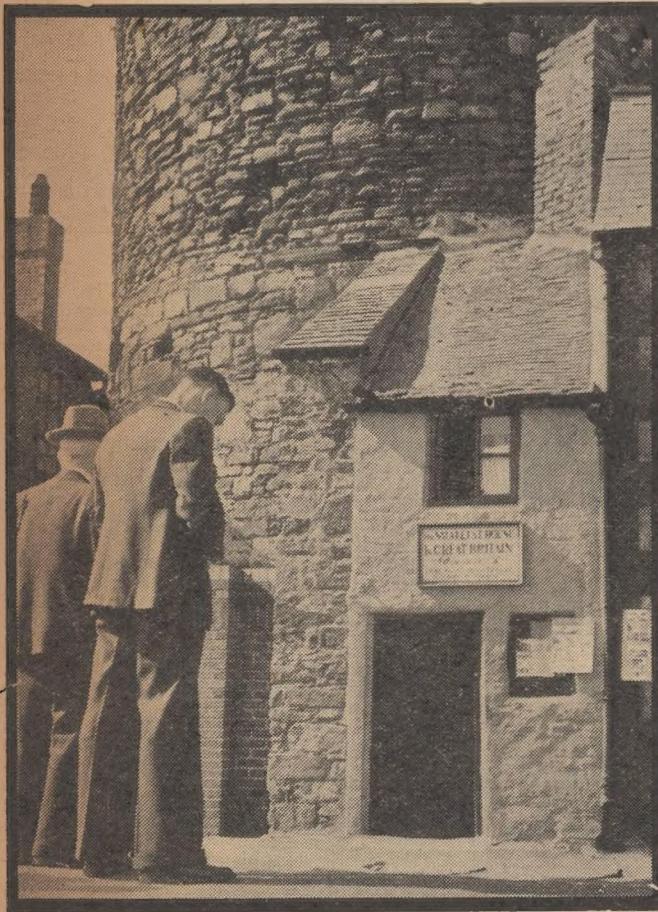
LARDER ROAM ONE DIVERSE CYCLED FAKE K TUNEFUL K EBON RUT B TORCH METAL R HOLE ORE REMEDY HOGS ODES ROUTES WON BEIGE SMUG SLEDGE

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

SMALLEST HOUSE—EVER?

So small in fact, 1 bd.-rm., 1 sit.-rm., 2 wndws., 1 dr. Sea-vw. Sit. N. Wls. NOT FOR SALE.



GUESS WHERE?

Very ancient, and ultra-modern, and though the young ladies are admiring genuine antiquity they are actually descending the steps of a very up-to-date . . . We won't spoil it, but wouldn't the late tenants of those delightful houses have a shock to find that the rumbling under their windows was NOT that of the stage-coach.



This England

Sunshine tramped in historic shadow. The Market Cross at Castle Combe, Wiltshire, symbol of the days when village life was self-supporting, and a journey to Bath or Salisbury was an adventure. The north-west corner of Wiltshire is so rich in pretty villages, yet Castle Combe is regarded by many, as the queen of them all. Signs of Roman occupation abound in the district, but the inhabitants still pursue the "even tenor of their ways." Believe it or not, the girl with the pail IS Mary, and that lamb does follow her around. Just to prove our statement, the darned thing has changed its mind.

Sitting Pretty!



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Wonder what she's got in her ditty box?"



Blair, is the name, boys, Janet Blair. Even if it was "Blare," we don't reckon she'd be capable of over-sounding her own praises. Anyhow, she plays her first big part in Columbia production "My Sister, Eileen," so maybe you can "date" her on your next leave.